

FREE!



Street Art News

Volume I Issue 4 MID-SUMMER EDITION - © The San Francisco Street Artist Guild, 1975

13,000 SIGNATURES SO FAR — 12,000 TO GO!!



John Hancock scowls at City Hall . . .



. . . and signs the street artists' petition.

photo by Harmony Chadwick

COUNTRY COMFORTS AND MOUNTAIN CRAFTS

SANTA CRUZ COUNTY

BY CHRIS FITZGERALD
Photos by J. Fialkow

Errol Specter tapped his sunglasses back into place to cool his eyes from the ninety-degree sun bouncing off the blacktop. "I hope this works out. I've been selling my stuff up on the Embarcadero in San Francisco these last couple years, but I could get into staying closer to home." Specter is a leather worker from Ben Lomond, and he was standing by a fifteen foot long wall of his belts in the parking lot of the Santa Cruz County building. It was a simmering 5th of July and thirty or so wilted-looking artisans were displaying their work for an equal number of sunburned potential buyers.

Santa Cruz has long been a favorite area for craftspeople; there are supposedly over five hundred in the County. But this was their first regular selling opportunity outside of the stores, and despite the small turnout there was plenty of evidence of the unique nature of Santa Cruz craftsmanship. Mountains and rugged redwood canyons characterize the county and much of the craftwork reflects a simpler, more self-sufficient style of life. One couple displayed their pottery in an old wooden wheelbarrow from their farm. Another couple makes old-fashioned brooms, collecting dead Manzanita and Madrone branches in the hills and binding Mexican corn straw onto them with pieces of embroidery.

(continued on back page)



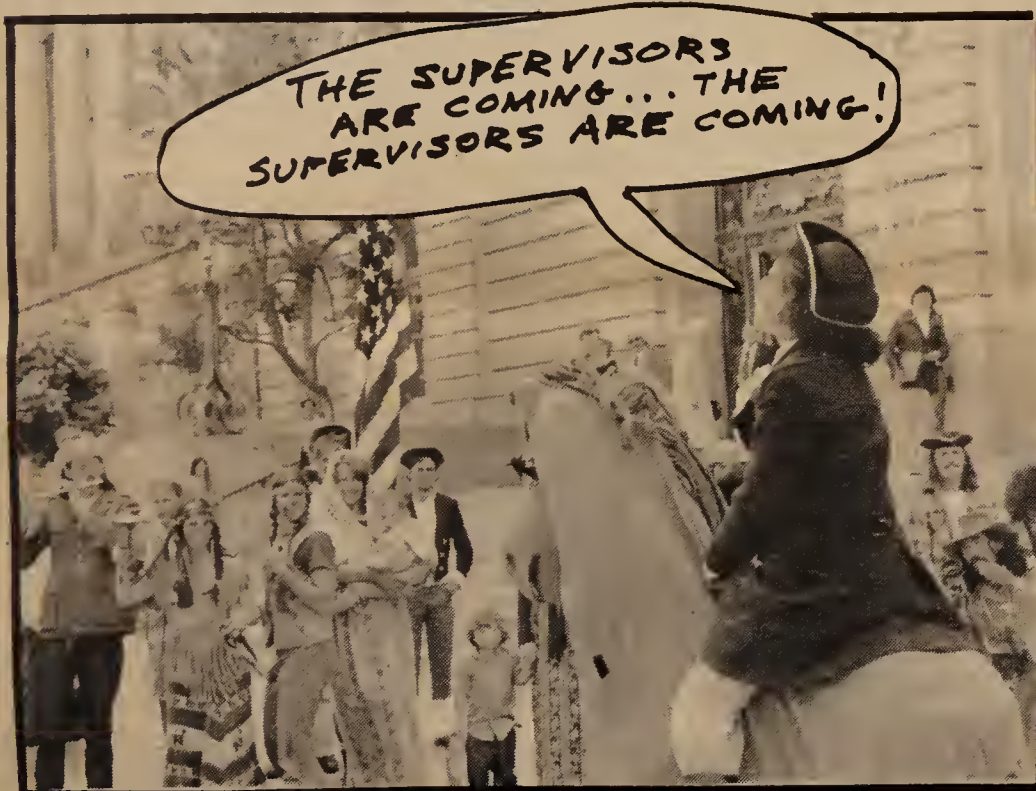
Paul Revere, John Hancock and Ben Franklin hit the streets on behalf of the street artists last Monday, along with assorted patriots and a truckload of Indians. The occasion was a reenactment -- with embellishments -- of the Boston Tea Party, staged by the Concerned San Franciscans to Save the Street Artists, in order to dramatize the kickoff of their petition drive.

The festivities were sprung on an unsuspecting Civic Center at two o'clock when a bread truck with a roofload of war-painted, whooping 'Indians' appeared at McAllister and Polk and began working its way through the stop-and-go Polk Street traffic. They stopped in front of City Hall and dumped on the sidewalk cardboard boxes stencilled "T for Terry" (Terry Francois is the San Francisco Supervisor who has sponsored a measure to repeal Proposition 'J', last year's voter initiative giving craftspeople the right to sell their work on the streets).

Upon the Indians' retreat, the patriots hit the turf, marching south down Polk to the tune of Yankee Doodle on drum and jazz trumpet. The troop stopped at the City Hall steps and patriot Jerico Lemoldo detached from their number to read a proclamation:

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! Two o'clock and all is not well. Whereas large merchant associations have declared that street artists are

(continued on page 5)

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Harvey Milk
-circa 1975

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The San Francisco Street Artist Guild is dedicated to encouraging the creative and cultural development of the community by promoting arts, crafts, music, and theater in the open areas of the city; and to relieving unemployment by maintaining opportunities for people to display, sell, and perform their art.

Membership is open to anyone who earns his or her living, in whole or in part, by displaying, selling or performing their art on the streets or in the open areas of the city. Any person interested in joining the Guild should write to the above address or contact any of the following Guild members on Beach Street: Bill or Sandra O'Brien, Jerry Lee, Dave Benitez, or David Browda.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STREET ART NEWS is published each month by the San Francisco Street Artist Guild, Box 42009, San Francisco, CA 94142, (415) 441-5597. If you wish to subscribe to the paper, send \$2.50 (to cover mailing costs for one year) to the above address.

We welcome all submissions of letters, manuscripts, art-work, photographs, etc. and will take all reasonable care with them, but we can assume no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Please attach name, address, and telephone number to any submission and include an adequately stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish it to be returned. This edition is published in Mid-Summer, 1975 for distribution from July 20 to August 20. The deadline for the next issue is August 10, 1975.

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LETTERS

LOTTERY PARTNERSHIPS

I believe that individuals have the right to pool resources and energy and form a partnership without having to sacrifice any of their rights. I'm referring specifically to the right to a chance in the lottery to sell.

Partnerships are made up of individuals. Because these individuals choose to do the same craft together is no reason to penalize them.

One of the major arguments that I've heard on the streets has been, "If they both put their names in the lottery then they double their chances to sell. If they sell twice as much, then they can make twice as much money." But what they fail to realize is that twice as much money goes half as far when divided by two individuals.

It has also been my observation that there existed couples who willfully and eagerly give up their individual rights. Perhaps these couples do not put equal amounts of energy into the creation and sales of their craft and are therefore willing to sacrifice one of their rights. I believe they should have the option to forfeit their individual rights, just as I should have the option to maintain mine.

As the ruling exists now an "individual" has one chance in the lottery, and a couple who do the same craft have one chance, or one-half chance each. Therefore an "individual" has twice as many chances as each of the two individuals who make up a couple.

I feel that the ruling on partnerships should be revised and as it exists now it is quite obviously discriminatory.

It's a sad situation when fear and greed govern the streets.

---Karen Haas

TALKIN' POLITICS

This whole issue on street artists obviously doesn't focus on whether or not a street artist can sell a belt he or she makes on the public sidewalk. The recent Bay Guardian hit the nail right on the head---it's politics. A certain power structure is going to have to learn the hard way to come down from its lofty perch atop some highrise.

and that's where each and every one of us comes in---or should come in. When your customers are local residents, ask them if they are registered to vote. If not, urge them to do so or point out where they can do so. In any event, spend a few minutes and explain what's happening and which way to vote.

When you're in your neighborhood, rap with your grocer, dry cleaner, butcher, etc., and again explain the whole trip. Rap with all your neighbors. Attend any neighborhood meetings, festivities, whatever, so they will know the true issue, which basically amounts to downtown versus you and me.

Bear in mind that Supervisors Francois, Kopp, Molinari, Mendelsohn, Gonzales, and Pelosi are all up for reelection this November on the Board. And we all know Kopp, Molinari, and Francois wish us ill. So let's wish them a speedy departure this November. The new mayor doesn't need them, and neither do we.

---Ron Mathiasen

CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

A good letters to the editor page is not afraid to print both sides of an issue. Will you accept this well-meant letter of constructive criticism, or are you only interested in the flattering yes-man type?

Your editorial in issue #3 causes me to wonder why you skirted the real problem. You claim the S/As want regulation more than anyone, but not a word about enforcing "J." Don't you think this is on par with the duplicity of which you accuse Sup. Francois?

"J" specifically states residents of San Francisco. Those non-residents of S.F. who obtained their licenses by fraud and falsification are primarily the ones who brought the Kopp Ordinance down on us, with the commercial sellers a close second. They were so smug about having outsmarted the City when in reality the only ones they outsmarted were themselves. Had they not swarmed into the City like locusts, perhaps there would not have been the ordinance. What kind of response from the merchants did they (and the legal ones) expect?

I have asked several of the legitimate holders of "J" licenses why they did not attempt to expel the illegal ones, with always the limp, parrot-like reply, "It's not my job." When will they learn that it is their job to protect their own interests? Do they wish to go on year after year, in one battle after another?

As to the cutesy-pie, how-to series by the moldy one, he may have gotten a few giggles at first, but the chapter in issue 3 was just too, too bitchy. Has his new Berkeley residence gone to his head?

---Helene Blackwood

SIDEWALK PHILOSOPHERS

As important to us all as the immediate issues - licensing, finding spaces to be used, pulling ourselves into one cohesive unit - are the ideas, the impulses, the, if you will, images we bring to those who chance near us, and, to those who join our ranks, the things that become a part of their knowledge of human nature.

Sidewalk philosophers --- that's us. Each of us seeing, interacting with, and loving hundreds of people every day of our lives. Some of these observations are classic and deserve to be noted:

"The wife and I sure do think you kids do some nice stuff." Terrific, huh? What they are saying is that although most of us are over 25, they see in us a *joi de vivre*, a bouyancy, a youthfulness that they thought got lost somewhere past the age of 18. And they love it!

Or: "It sure must be nice

not to have to work." Translation: How grand to have figured out a way to exist in a concrete world and still remain in touch with the beauty of it. To be in it, but not of it.

"There's nothin' like this where we come from," which means: Why isn't there more of this - a basic "I made it, I sell it, you buy it, and we're all getting the best of the bargain feeling. It certainly isn't new - in fact, it's the oldest commercial system of all.

But, somewhere, along about the age of industrialization, it became obscure, rare. Through us they see a way of life they thought was inaccessible. Clean, honest, and open. A genuine interplay between people that a storefront can't give them.

Another great quote: "Why do you make your living this way? Isn't it hard?" My pat answer: Difficult? Not at all. By dealing with people the way we do, we're all aware of what's really happening. We know whether our efforts are pleasing - we see the results daily. What is difficult is doing a job, performing a function, and not knowing WHY really. Who benefits? It does not really matter (except to the ego) if someone expresses negative reactions to the work on display. That's honest too. And that's what we're out there for. To know, to get feedback, to avoid isolation from the people who are using the creations of our hands. Honesty is never difficult.

Right or wrong, I also feel that many of us find it very hard to deal with life second-hand. We require contact--visual, physical, verbal --in order to better express ourselves through our art. Artists are, as a rule, persons who find real difficulty in conforming to someone else's idea of WHAT IT IS. We each have a reality of our own. Something beautiful we saw or felt and want very much to share.

And that's what it is, sharing, caring, daring. Also, too, swearing, when we find our very peaceful selves forced into an aggressive position. Defensive, pushed, unsure of what "THEY" will do next.

What we do have - always - is the knowledge that the people who deal with us enjoy us and have learned to love what we are as well as what we represent. And they're still here - and with us. We don't deal in high finance --- but we do deal with a common human denominator --- and that's the strength that will see us through. People --- for people.

---Joy McCoskey

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

In regards to the recent struggles of street artists, may I comment that the city and state make it difficult enough, as you well know, to start a business, what with state resale licenses, street licenses, licenses to operate a business under a fictitious name, and so on. We are just beginning our business, as an alternative to looking for nonexistent jobs.

I am currently on unemployment, and am trying to set up a business on those meager funds, besides paying living expenses. In order for me to buy wholesale and sell at the multitudes of fairs, I must obtain these licenses, amounting to what is for me at this time a large sum of money. However, I cannot obtain said licenses while collecting unemployment, so I am caught in a vicious circle, unable to sell on the streets at this time.

The established merchants, particularly those with small businesses, should be able to identify with the problems of the street merchants, in that we all had to start somewhere and need a little help from our friends. The sooner we can become legally a business and earn money on our own, the sooner we can divorce ourselves from the welfare rolls. Alioto made this point when he used his influence to allow the balloon man to continue selling his balloons in order to stay off welfare.

Can't the opponents of street artists see the consequences of their actions if, heaven for bid, they succeed in sweeping artists off the streets?

---Joyce A. McPherson

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- City Charter Laws to ban discrimination against parolees in employment.
- Bilingual Education, and Cultural Study programs in our schools.
- Strict Housing Inspection Laws to enforce tenants rights.
- Complete support of the Street Artists.
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- Sidewalk ramps installed for the elderly and the handicapped.

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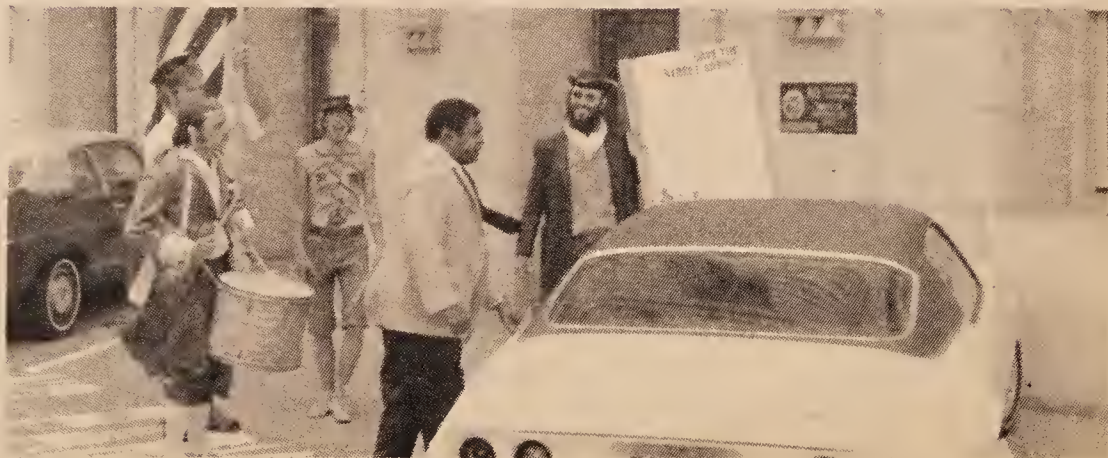
Grimes Poznikov and his Automatic Human Jukebox are finding that the City That Knows How doesn't want him. He has been to every conceivable City bureau or department for a permit to perform in his music box on the city streets. All have turned him down. His only recourse is a hearing before the Board of Permit Appeals. But this final Board is giving him the usual, "We're busy; come back tomorrow," routine.

What the Board is trying to avoid, for now, is another "Frank, the balloon man" flap where a Board member told him, when he applied for a permit last month, to go home and sleep on it and figure out a different way of making a living. The wire services picked up on the story and sent it nationwide. It received considerable local media attention, as well, culminating in a peace gesture by Mayor Alioto.

The City obviously realizes that AHJ is a well-known tourist attraction and that forcing him off the street and onto welfare would be the other black eye. So the bureaucracy sits and twiddles its collective thumbs.

Grimes and the AHJ have been on many national TV shows, like Mike Douglas, To Tell The Truth, Merv Griffin, as well as in publications, like the National Enquirer. He has graciously performed for foreign TV crews, as well. Even TV quiz show host, Bill Cullen, remarked, "Only in San Francisco would they have an Automatic Human Jukebox." Well, Bill--- guess again.

Unless Grimes is granted a license when his case comes before the Board of Permit Appeals, he will continue to face the possibility of police harassment each time he raises his flap to activate his unique invention.



FRANCOIS OFFERS BRIBE TO OUTER MERCHANTS

Supervisor Terry Francois tried a little arm-twisting to get support for his anti-street artists proposal last week, but succeeded only in antagonizing a merchant group that might have supported him anyway. Members of the San Francisco Council of District Merchants accused him of blackmail at a recent public hearing of the Police, Fire, and Safety Committee.

The Council had come to ask the Supervisors to help reverse a recent raise in the parking fine from \$3 to \$5 (the hike had been made at the request of the Downtown Association). Forty-five minutes into the hearing Francois said he could make them a deal: he inferred that he could "take care of" the parking hassle, "if you can guarantee me your support of the Downtown Association positions on the Yerba Buena Center and the street artist question." The offer caused an immediate uproar, the merchants berating Francois for having the nerve to try political deals in a public hearing. "I don't know what you call it, but I call that blackmail," charged Harry Alio, a conservative realtor from Noe Valley. Francois, extremely agitated, denied that it was a political deal and wrapped up the agenda item quickly. Then he called a "three minute recess", which stretched to almost a half hour before he reappeared.

The 'deal' exchange was the climax of an unusually acrimonious session. Council president Walter Jebe complained that Francois tried to push around the small business people at the hearing:

"I don't know if this is a tac-

tic of his, but everyone who spoke before that man was constantly being interrupted. I got tired of it when I was trying to speak and asked him to cut it out.

"He lectured us, told us we should be more cooperative, follow events more closely! He seems to think that we're a bunch of hicks who don't know what we're talking about, that you can't really know what's going on unless you do business on Montgomery St!"

"This Council represents almost 8000 small businessmen in 28 neighborhood merchant associations. We're a force in San Francisco and he's crazy if he thinks we can be ignored."

In a telephone interview Francois was chagrined at the response to his offer:

"I was prepared to act as a broker between them and the Downtown Association, who had requested this fine hike in the first place. I said I thought I could get them what they wanted if they were prepared to support the Downtown Association on a couple of things they wanted."

"I also happen to believe very strongly in the Yerba Buena Center. Sure, I was trying to solicit some support on it, I don't think there's anything wrong with that."

"These two groups have been at each other's throats for as long as I've sat on this Board - the district merchants just don't want anybody to shop downtown. I get pretty angry when someone accuses me of blackmail. I never did get along with Harry Alio, and now they have this new president... they have a lot to learn, politically."

It was the year 1776 that the American people seized control of their country and declared their independence. They were tired of being ruled by special interests. They were fed up with having their lives run by big business groups across the sea, such as the Exchequer's Association of Downtown London and the Thames Waterfront Importers Organization. So they freed themselves.

And so it came to pass, two hundred years later, in the year 1976 that San Franciscans and street artists, declaring their independence from special interest\$, freed themselves as their ancestors had before them.

It had all begun the previous November 4th on election day. The registrar of voters reported all day on the unusually heavy voter turnout in the City That Knows How. TV stations had sensed the significance of the contest and had installed electronic scoreboards to tally up the result of the ballot fight between Terry Francois and the Large Merchants on the one side and the street artists and citizens on the other.

Political analysts from all over the country had come to San Francisco. The hotel lobbies were overcrowded with people gathered around TV sets. Cronkite, originating his newscast from KPIX, did network updates. Rumors circulated out of the White House that President Ford was continually asking his press secretary, Ron Nessen, "How are the street artists doing in San Francisco?"

The polls closed at eight, and a few minutes later the first results were reported from a polling booth one block away from Fisherman's Wharf -- 282 votes for the street artists; 3 votes for Francois! Soon other neighborhood polls reported similar results. At only one poll, near Stockton and O'Farrell, did the issue split 50-50. The citizens of San Francisco overwhelmingly saved the street artists.

The street artists' candidate for Mayor was a shoo-in. Supervisors Kopp, Francois, and Molinari, all up for reelection, were soundly defeated and replaced on the Board of Supervisors by three street artists, Grimes Poznikov (the Automatic Human Jukebox), Wendy (the portrait artist), and Trix (the clown).

The neighborhoods had answered back. "Down with downtown---Banish the department stores to Fort Mason and Embarcadero Plaza!" The next day, the Intown Merchants Association, in mourning, closed their office and draped their windows in black. Shock had set in.

Such was the first of seven glorious days in January. The new Mayor decided he would be inaugurated on the corner of Beach and Hyde. A six-foot stand was erected next to the bus stop (it was legal now),

and decorated with flags, belts, and macrame. Soon the crowds and media gathered as the Inaugural cable car came clanging down the hill, bearing the Mayor-elect and his party. Someone held a copy of Street Art News for the new Mayor as he was sworn in. After the speeches and congratulations, the Inaugural Parade started down Beach Street led by street artists and cheerful citizens of San Francisco. The parade swung left onto Polk Street as more citizens joined the festivities--right on down to the steps of City Hall.

As they arrived, the citizens lifted the new Mayor on their shoulders and carried him up the steps of City Hall. He was greeted by Supervisors Grimes, Wendy and Trix.

The celebration continued on Inauguration night at the premiere of a new opera. As a courtesy to the newly elected officials, outgoing Mayor Alioto had called upon the Art Commission and Howard Lazar to commission a new opera based on the struggles of the street artists. Tonight was the debut of "The Ballad of Jerico Lemoldo."

Limousines began arriving at the War Memorial Opera House on Van Ness. They had been dispatched to Beach Street, Embarcadero Plaza



photos by J. Simon

INITIATIVE KICK-OFF

(continued from front page)

to be eliminated from the streets; and whereas the Board of Supervisors believe that San Francisco voters do not know how or what they vote for . . ."

At this point, street theater-goers were treated to a spontaneous and comical intermission when Terry Francois himself was spotted observing the ceremonies, down at the end of the block. Alex, the drummer-boy, and several other patriots advanced on him to the steady beat of their marching drum.

Francois, looking increasingly flustered as photographers and onlookers began to converge on him, beat a hasty retreat, but not without a parting shot - "You'd better stop that drumming, or you'll disturb the courts!" With that, he got into his automobile, backed into a parked car, allegedly owned by Supervisor Quentin Kopp, and steamed out of the parking lot.

Back at the Tea Party, prominent patriots, led by John Hancock, signed the petition with an old-fashioned quill. The Concerned San Franciscans to Save the Street Artists hoped the theatrics surrounding their campaign kick-off would facilitate the task of collecting 12,607 valid signatures to get their initiative on the November ballot. Their proposed ordinance is a response to Francois' repeal Prop "J" referendum, which was put on the ballot by a simple vote of the Supervisors last month.

Heading the initiative drive, Judy Belcher estimates that 25,000 signatures will need to be collected: "You've got to figure on a lot of signatures being invalidated when the registrar counts them, because people sign who aren't registered San Francisco voters, or who are registered at a different address. We've got only three weeks to get them too (the petitions must be in by August 6), so it has to be an all-out effort. We'll be at busy intersections, the Main Library, movie lines - places where we can reach a lot of people. And that's what this is for, to get the word out that we need signatures."

The demonstration closed with a low-budget production of Paul Revere's ride (two men in a bright red horse suit), Paul warning this time, "The Supervisors are coming; the Supervisors are coming!" And the Supervisors were, in fact, arriving for their regular Monday afternoon meeting.

Editor's note: At press time 40 volunteers had collected over 13,000 signatures, ten days into the drive. Petition volunteers will be at the Main Library every day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. If you want to sign and can't find a petitioner, or if you'd like to volunteer to help out for a few hours, call 566-8525 or 776-5513.

SEVEN DAYS IN JANUARY A POLI-SCI-FI-FANTASY

BY RON MATHIASSEN

and Stockton Street to scoop up street artists as they folded up their stands.

Many dignitaries arrived as the Mayor and the Governor took their box seats. Then all eyes focused on the special permanent box on the first balcony, reserved for the Representative of the Street Artist Guild. The audience rose and applauded with enthusiasm as Representative Sandra, in a long flowing gown and a necklace of copper enamel wildflowers, with her husband William, wearing his tuxedo and carrying a six pack, entered, waved to the audience, and took their seats. Later, critics acclaimed "The Ballad of Jerico Lemoldo" as the most stunning, heartwarming opera to debut in the past fifty years.

The next day the Board of Supervisors held their first meeting of the year. Supervisor Grimes entered and approached his seat. He took Kopp's nameplate and dropped it into the wastebasket with a loud bang. Supervisor Wendy, the portrait artist, took the Francois nameplate and broke it in two over her knee. Supervisor Trix the Clown tossed Molinari's nameplate right out the window, where it appropriately landed --- on the sidewalk --- 18 inches from the curb.

First item on the calendar concerned parking in the Aquatic Park area. Poznikov rose and flipped up his mike and suggested Ghirardelli Square and The Cannery be razed. It was sent to committee. Wendy complained that dust was ruining her drawings, so the Board ordered the streets hosed down twice a day. Trix proposed underground heating be installed beneath the sidewalks on Beach Street. So ordered. The Board then looked over various submitted designs for all weather shelters to be installed both downtown and at the wharf to accommodate street artist gigs, finally agreeing on thatched beach huts seven feet high. The Mayor sent over legislation for a permanent stage with seven foot flagpoles to be erected on the northeast corner of Beach and Hyde for the Automatic Human Jukebox to set up on. It was passed unanimously by the full Board.

The next few days saw the Department of Public Works busily tearing up sections of Beach Street, installing the huts and reclining chairs. The City also established a computerized lottery. All you had to do was phone in and a voice at the other end told you where you could set up.

Each day, between nine and

ten and between six and seven, Beach Street was closed off by the police and only street artist vehicles with special stickers were admitted to unload or load.

Neighborhood groups and organizations soon came down to the Beach Street lottery with their causes and concerns. Nervous political hopefuls began showing up at 8:30 on Saturday mornings in order to address the artists and win their much coveted endorsement. A red hotline phone linked City Hall with Beach Street. "If you want action, talk to the street artists."

The newscasts sounded strangely new: "The Downtown Association met with the Street Artisan Committee for the third time this week in an effort to solicit support for reviving the Yerba Buena project. . . ." "The Mayor has proclaimed June 4 as Street Artist Day in San Francisco to honor the original passage of Proposition J in 1974. . . ." "The Street Artist Ball is now scheduled for May 10 in Civic Auditorium. . . ." "The honorable Prime Minister of Zurdgleed arrived today. His motorcade proceeded from the airport to Beach Street where he met with the street artists and did some shopping. . . ."

Finally the seventh day came to pass. A large TV mobile unit parked on Beach Street. Air Force One landed at Hamilton AFB. The Presidential helicopter touched down on the grass below Aquatic Park. President Ford proceeded down Beach Street, stuck a fifty-cent piece into the Automatic Human Jukebox, and played "Hail to the Chief." Shaking hands, he took his place behind the desk. "My fellow Americans, today I speak to you, surrounded by the colorful San Francisco street artists, from the real heartland of America -- Beach Street! I hereby formally renounce my candidacy for the office of President of the United States of America, and shift all my support over to Ron Mathiasen."

Afterwards, the President strolled down the length of Beach Street. Buying an anti-Nixon poster, he remarked, "Ya know, we should have listened to you folks years ago." A secret service agent carried along his shopping bag.

The night fog rolled over a quiet Beach Street. All that could be heard were the mournful sounds of a couple of guitar pickers. Funny thing was --- they sure resembled a couple of Supervisors we once knew. What a difference a day makes. Imagine seven!

JEFFERSON STREET

Jefferson Street joined the city of San Francisco this month, but don't worry if you didn't feel any bump on July 1, because it wasn't towed over from the East Bay. It was strictly a paper-pushing operation as the City took over administrative functions from the Port of San Francisco. The only people who were directly affected by the change were the Harbor Police (who were transferred to the airport), and the long banished Jefferson Street artists.

Their banishment had been a result of the anomaly of the Port's ownership of a strip of land where restaurants and novelty shops had driven out the fishing boats over a decade ago. When Proposition J passed last year, Jefferson St. became the host of about twenty street artists and mu-

sicians. Wharf merchants who resented the street artists discovered that they could employ the street's peculiar status to keep the streets empty and safe for big business. The street artists were informed that the street was a public street as far as a San Franciscan's right to walk down it was concerned (and to pay taxes for its maintenance) but when it came to Prop J, it was private property.

The Street Artist Guild had anticipated the jurisdictional switch, and discussed it with the City Attorney to be sure that selling in the newly acquired area would involve no new hassles with the City. On July 8, Jefferson St. joined the Beach St. Lottery, adding 18 new spaces.

On one block of Jefferson, however, the potters, pickers, and painters have already been supplanted by the clerks of retail businesses. The Plant Brothers Corporation is realizing a rent of over \$6000 a month by renting out a strip of their parking lot opening on the Jefferson St. sidewalk to hawkers. The 'stalls', which rent for \$400 a month, have been taken by a juice stand, a novelty stand, two penny stamping machine stands (The Lord's Prayer Engraved On A Penny - 50¢), a couple of leather stands and imported toy stands, and a gallery franchise.

The latter, Beverly Hills Galleries, is the largest of the parking lot businesses,

renting five stalls at \$2000 a month. The Gallery here is one of 14 branches throughout California selling production paintings: heavily daubed renderings of clowns, ships, and formula landscapes. ("I can show a customer three paintings almost exactly the same," the manager told me, "and he can pick the one that will go best with his living room.") The paintings were displayed by the hundreds, stacked in piles against a huge U-Haul.

Customers worked their way through the hedges from the sidewalk to riffle through the stacks. Many of the other stands straddled the hedges, ending flush with the sidewalk.

The appearance of the novelty hawkers has angered a lot of street artists, who are often confused with the hawkers in the public mind. And while the hawkers are unlicensed to do business on the sidewalk (At this writing the Plant Bros. are also unlicen-

sed to operate a flea market), the police are interpreting their stands as permanent structures, thus denying both sides of the sidewalk to street artists.

Now the wharf merchants' dire warnings that street art would create "a cheap, carnal atmosphere" are more ironic than ever. It's the traditional merchants who are bringing in the carnal, but at least they seem to be learning that people like lively streets.



ART AND CRAFT CLASSES

These class listings are free of charge to anyone teaching a class which might further the development of art on the streets. If you wish to be listed as a teacher, send a brief description of your class to: STREET ART NEWS, S.F.S.A.G., Box 42009, S.F., CA 94142.

GLASS

Day or night classes, Tuesdays and Thursdays (18 hours, twice a week for 2 weeks). Students make a 1 ft. square leaded glass panel and a 1 ft. square copper and glass panel and learn to make a lamp. Fee: \$40, Jerry Stockton at 626-3592.

WEAVING

Weaving class. All materials and loom included in fee. \$50 for six lessons twice a week, Monday and Wednesday, day or evening. Class is 3 hours long. Taught by Susan Levitt. Call 626-1777. Other textile and weaving classes also available.

JEWELRY

Jewelry fabrication or casting 10 hrs. instruction for \$50. Equipment supplied - day or eve. classes; Gordon Yarber 668-7279.

CERAMICS

Beginning and advanced instruction on the potter's wheel. Experienced teachers structure classes and emphasize learning the basics of throwing and glazing. \$25 for 4 consecutive lessons, 3 hours each once a week. \$35 for 8 consecutive lessons, 3 hours each twice a week. Call 587-4930 afternoons or evenings for starting dates and more information.

DYEING

All day Saturday or Sunday workshops geared to teach all the basics of working with natural dyes. Class includes preparation of wool, mordanting and dyeing with local and exotic plant dyes. \$15 covers all expenses except wool. Call Rhonda Zobel, 661-5124 eve.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Holografix is a group of artists working, teaching and creating through the medium of holography. Holography is 3-D laser photography. Students will learn basic holography, which is as easy as basic photography. If they desire, the students can go on to advanced holography and obtain studio time. Contact Holografix, 841-6500, 4132 Manila Ave, Oakland CA 94609

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Painting classes in oils and watercolors: portrait and landscape. Teacher has exhibited work at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in London, the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, and the DeYoung Museum. Class fee is \$5 for 3 hours. Tuesday 7-10, Thursday 1-4, and Friday 1-4. Hilda Kidder. 771-6394.

Life Drawing and Painting Studio; sessions Th. evenings. Not a class - some instruction on request on the use of materials. \$40.00 plus model fee for 8 weeks. Use your own materials. No refunds for classes missed. Felix Ferrero, 981-1164.

MIME

Professional Mime teacher and street performer who has studied in Europe and taught two years in Berkeley offers: Improvisation, Mime Techniques, French Method. Two five week courses start Mon. Aug 4 at 1111 Geary St. M-Th 9-11:30 a.m./\$75 or M, T, Th 5:45 - 7:30 p.m./\$50. Also children's mime classes (6-12 years) starting Th. Aug. 7, 4-5 p.m., once a week for 5 weeks/\$15. Call Pancho Poormand, 771-7279.

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LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES

or How to Become a Street Artist in 10 Easy Lessons

I, Jerico Lemoldo, take pen in hand to describe how I have progressed from the innocent I once was to what I am today (Don't worry, H.B. - you will be in a later chapter, and you should read more carefully, since obviously you are not successful yet.) and to describe how the streets of San Francisco caused these progressions.

FAIRS, LOS BANOS, BRYON, & PAUL THOMAS or WHERE ARE THE CUSTOMERS?

As I explained in the last chapter, thanks to a ruling by the Board of Supervisors, the streets of San Francisco were off-limits to street artists. The only way you could make money on the streets was to wear an overcoat and, when no cops were around, open it up and display your wares (being sure to wear clothes while doing this, or the definition of "wares" might change). Since The Embarcadero was a desert (both physically and mentally) other ways of surviving (read: making money) had to be found.

"Be the first on your block to sign up for The Great 1890's International Folk and Craft Fair at Bryon Hot Springs," read the advertisement. "Aha!" I thought. (In those days I thought more regularly than I do now.) --- "a fair - just the thing to do. No police to worry about, pleasant surroundings, fun and games." So I rushed right out and signed up (sort of).

One bad thing about fairs is that you have to pay to get in. And sometimes the hours are long (yes, even longer than getting out early for a spot on Union Square). So most people, including myself, acquire partners to share the expenses and the work.

"Who?" I thought. (I seem to do a lot of thinking in this chapter, but will anything come of it?) At the time, I was a little slow with my thinking, and someone else approached me first.

"Say, boy, how would you like to get rich, to be popular with girls, and to be my partner?" asked Wilhelm O'Cheddar (say cheese, boy) one day.

"Gee, I've never done a fair before - what do I do?" I asked.

"Boy, don't worry about a thing - just give me the money, and I'll handle everything. You do know how to work with tools, like saws, right, boy?"

"Yes," I said, thinking he was asking me if I could produce enough of my new craft (using a saw) for the fair.

I gave him the money, and he went out to apply for the fair. Now, I won't say Mr. O'Cheddar is the last of the big shots from the East. He does, however, have his ways. When he applied for Bryon (to impress the people producing the fair) he told them how great his work (everything to be in the booth) was, and that it was so successful that he had hired an apprentice (me) to help produce the work. Until that misconception was straightened out in the front office, I always had to walk three feet behind Mr. O'Cheddar during the fair.

Anyway, he was assigned a space on top of a hill, and we decided to meet there to build our booth (you understand Bryon is 60 miles from San Francisco). After arriving two hours late, Mr. O'Cheddar appeared with one hammer and a box of six-penny nails, and said, "OK, boy, let's start building --- go ahead."

"Gosh, Mr. O'Cheddar," said I. "What do we do? I've never built a booth before!"

"You haven't?" exclaimed Mr. O'Cheddar. It was the first time I'd seen him get nervous. "Hm, boy, this is going to take some thought. I've never built one either." (All this thinking is for the intellectuals in the crowd.) So we sat down, consumed a couple of six packs of beer, and decided that we needed wood, nails, and tools. By the end of our discussion, the whole day

was shot to hell, so we arranged to meet again to build our booth.

A week later we again met, and this time we did have lumber and hardware. "Gee, Mr. O'Cheddar, shouldn't we have a blueprint or a design or something?" I asked.

"Don't worry, boy, this is easy. We just connect that board to this board, and it's almost done," he replied.

So we proceeded to put up sheets of plywood for the walls, using braces to hold them up until they could be tied down, as Mr. O'Cheddar said. After working all day on this and getting three walls up - still braced, both inside and out - one of the producers of the fair came and said, "You can't build that there."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Don't worry, boy, I'll handle this," said O'Cheddar. So the producer and Wilhelm talked for an hour about how our booth was an eyesore and was blocking the view (he also wanted to see our blueprints). After many interjections of, "I won't move!" by Mr. O'Cheddar, we agreed to move to a better location by the main road.

"But how are we going to tear down this booth?" I asked, making the mistake of leaning on one of the walls, at which point the whole thing collapsed - completely - nothing left standing.

"Oh," I said, "I think when we rebuild this booth we should build a frame before putting up the walls."

"Great idea, boy. Glad I thought of it," replied O'Cheddar.

So our booth was moved and rebuilt, and unique it was. Everyone else had built little houses and nice panelled and shingled buildings, while ours was a box (a square box) painted barn red. Of course, we jazzed it up with signs and a barrel of free peanuts (we bought 100 pounds of peanuts to go with our sign, "Everything in this booth is for sale except the peanuts.") and bales of hay and called it "Laughing Dog Stables."

The big day finally arrived, and the fair opened. (I forgot to mention that this fair was for six weeks, and you could sleep in your booth if you wanted to.) Anyway, the fair opened, and only one customer appeared all day. Apparently the sixty mile drive was too much for people, and it was hot! (120 degrees in the shade). Naturally, we consumed a lot of beer. Since Mr. O'Cheddar and I both brought coolers and cases of beer (there was no place within twenty miles to buy replacements) our booth became known as Laughing Dog Stable and Bar.

Although very few customers came in over the weeks our booth was always filled with friends, drinking beer and eating peanuts. At night, after the fair would close, the entertainers and craftspeople would get together and have concerts and parties.

After four weeks, however, the fair went bankrupt and had to close. Most people there lost money. (This is called having fun as you starve to death.) After deducting all my expenses for materials, entry fee, gas, etc., I discovered I had made a profit of twenty dollars and sixty-four cents. --- Was I moving up in the world as a successful craftsman? --- making money in the midst of this poverty stricken wasteland.

Since Mr. O'Cheddar worked in candles, he didn't fare as well as I did. In fact, he was wiped out. As I mentioned earlier, it was hot, and his candles would melt without even being lit. Or they would get so soft that whenever anyone walked by, the dust they raised would be attracted magnetically to the candles. So the only choice of color Mr. O'Cheddar had to offer was dusty brown. Nevertheless, in the grand tradition of all big spenders from the East, he had one last party in our booth, gave away all his candles, got completely ripped, and passed out in the middle of the floor --- while I drove off into the sunset, a sadder but wiser person (who was stuck with eighty pounds of peanuts, since not enough people had showed up to eat them.)

But that was just the start of my fair career. This chapter will be continued in the next issue as:

WHAT IS A PAUL THOMAS? or SANDSTORMS IN MONTEREY - I CAN'T FIND MY DISPLAY

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SANTA CRUZ (continued from front page)

For David Boye, mountain craftsmanship has evolved from mountain living. Four years ago he dropped out of a doctoral program at the University of Minnesota and moved out to Santa Cruz, at first hauling junk in his truck for a living. But being a junkman wasn't that much more satisfying than being a psychologist, and he started experimenting with metal and wood. "I made the first knife," he says, "mainly to see if I could do it. It was well received among my friends, so I did another, and it was a lot nicer. And it just kept going from there as I developed the technology..."

A year later Francine Morton made some carved leather sheaths for his hunting knives, and a partnership was born. They developed an etching process, and she began doing her intricate designs directly on the knife blades (made of high-carbon steel from recycled saw blades which they temper in their home studio). The handles are made of exotic South American hardwoods with names like Lignum Vita, Coca Bola, Wenge and Tau Brazil. The knives won the metal award and the purchase award at the last Renaissance Faire; not bad for fooling around.

The sparse attendance at the first day of the market made for a relaxing lazy-day ambiance, but some craftspeople were disturbed at the turnout. "There are 70 people in the Santa Cruz Handweaver's Guild; where are they today?" asked Betty and Barney Hochberg, the only weavers at the market. "The Spring Fair has been really good for crafts in the County. It was huge this year: fifty potters after they weeded out the bad ones. There was a lot of good work by talented people, but where are they today?"

"We don't sell much on the streets. People take our cards at the fairs, and we do O.K. out of our home. We'd rather be home working today, but it's important that people know there will be crafts out here if this is going to develop as a market."

Chloe Kristie, the energetic president of the Santa Cruz Artists and Craftspeople Association (SCAC), and coordinator of the Saturday Market, was confident that things would pick up. "This is the first weekend, and there hasn't been any advertising yet." Although SCAC and the market are in their infancy (SCAC has 90 paid members at \$5 a year), she thinks the fact that the area craftspeople are organized for the first time will open up a lot of possibilities.

"Eventually we want to set up a permanent showplace for local craftwork: a place to sell out of. It's too late to do it this summer, but next year we'll do a crafts catalogue, with pictures and listings of artists. For now, we're getting four pages in the Convention and Visitors Bureau brochure."

For years, Kristie explained, in spite of the success of the Spring Fair, a huge crafts festival attracting several hundred artists and thousands of visitors, there had been no public selling out of doors in the town. In '74 there was an aborted Saturday market for a while in a parking lot behind the Mall. Craftspeople felt hidden away at first, but after a couple of weekends, foot traffic and business began picking up: About that time, its proximity to the Mall, the town's rejuvenated shopping drag, was considered a threat by some of the merchants, and the experiment was cut off.

But last winter David Freedman, manager of KUSP, the non-commercial radio station in town, approached the Promotional Committee of the County Board of Supervisors. "I said something like this," he told me on the phone. "Look, you're promoting local businesses and industries, right? Well what about the craft industries?" At his suggestion, the Promotional Committee called an open meeting, inviting craft people to come together to discuss what form a craft market could take. The seminars produced an idea and a lot of people willing to do organizational work. By mid-spring, the Santa Cruz Artists and Craftspeople Association had been formed and was planning an outdoor market, based on the successful city-backed Saturday Market in Eugene, Oregon; the Santa Cruz Board of Supervisors came up with \$5290 for advertising and promotion. Freedman sees the County's cooperation as evidence of the new power of a group of more progressive merchants.

"This has been an ongoing struggle between the S.C. Downtown Association and the people who want to do things on the street. They kicked the Spring Fair off the Mall, because they thought it was doing too well, then tried to get it back when it did even better in the park. There were no big scenes, but they locked us out. Now these hard-liners are faced with a new bunch of progressive and mostly younger merchants."

One of these younger merchants is Max Walden, whom Freedman describes as "an iconoclast with bread." He bought the decaying courthouse building, remodelled it inside with 19th century woodwork, and leased it out to 'high times businesses': a good restaurant, an old fashioned candy shop, a saloon, a flower shop, a gallery, etc. Now the Cooperhouse is the showplace of the Mall, its outdoor cafe a popular sunny-day hangout where people can dig on a jazz band and the pedestrian traffic on the crooked woodsy street.

As an alternative to the conservative merchants organizations (the S.C. Chamber of Commerce and the S.C. Downtown Association) Walden founded the "Downtown Chamber of Commerce" in 1973. "The S.C. Board of Supervisors would give money to the old Chamber of Commerce - \$60,000 last time - who'd use it to promote themselves," says Freedman with wonder and disgust. "Most of the money went to a San Francisco ad agency. A ton of public money for brochures up and down the Coast, pushing the Boardwalk and hotels." But it looks like some of the power's getting spread around now, and things are changing."

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